London Advertiser.

TWO EDITIONS DAILY - WEEKLY
TELEPHONE CALLS.

Business Office 107
Editorial Department 134
Job Department 175

London, Saturday, August 29

The Defense of the Empire.

At a meeting held in Quebec last Sunday, Mr. Bourassa became indignant, apparently, over a speech by the Governor-General, in which he alluded to the necessity of Canada taking its full share in measures for the defense of the empire. We think the attack was uncalled for. Lord Minto, as the representative here of the British Government only spoke as all parties in England think. But in doing so he went no further than most people of both political parties in Canada think. The defense of the empire is a subject of great interest to all parts of the empire; to the people in the colonies as well as those in the motherland. For the day has not yet gone by when any nation can afford to disregard defensive, and even offensive measures, when these latter are, as is often the case, necessary for purposes of defense. And if a nation is undefended in any one section, that section becomes a source of weakness to the entire people. A nation, like a rope, is no stronger than its weakest part.

If Canada is to remain a portion of the British Empire, then it is necessary that Canada should take its share of the national defense. And it has done so, and is doing it now. Those who think that Canada should do nothing are as far astray as those who think that we are doing nothing. The Intercolonial Railway, though a measure incident to confederation, would never have been the constant source of expense to the Dominion that it has been, had not the long route been chosen for it, solely for military reasons, and at the insistence of the home government. The first transcontinental railway, which cost so many millions in money and land, was an imperial as well as a Dominion measure. The large sums that we are expending every year for militia purposes, are expended for the defense of Canada directly, but indirectly for the defense of the empire, inasmuch as it relieves the British Government from all immediate expenses for military purposes in this country. And the readiness with which Canadians have at all times given both men and money to aid Britain in her days of struggle was but emphasized during the South African war.

And as in the past, so in the future, Canada can always be depended on to do her duty. But no one need fear that that duty will be done in any other way than with the full sanction of her own people. The day has gone by when the Colonial Office will send its orders to us, and expect them to be obeyed without question or dispute. Mr. Tarte's opinion of Mr. Bourassa that he is only fighting imaginary evils," is doubtless correct. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's emphatic declaration at Montreal the other day that while Canada will do her share in defending the empire and promoting imperial unity, if it could only be done at the expense of Canada's autonomy, then we had reached "the parting of the ways." It was the voice of loyalty to both the Dominion and the Empire.

But we anticipate no danger from this source. Canada will preserve her autonomy, with the full sanction of the people of Britain, and she will bear her proper burdens of imperial defense with the full sanction of the great mass of Canadians. How that shall be done can best be decided in the future, after careful consideration by both parties. Whatever we expend will have to be spent through Parliamentary grants, and by the action of a Canadian government. No other plan would be acceptable to us; and it is not likely that any other plan would be suggested by any British government capable of comprehending the trend of colonial thought.

Mr. Bourassa was unnecessarily alarmed. Unfortunately, in his alarm, he talks with more zeal than discretion. He can trust a Canadian government, and a Governor like Lord Minto, not to go beyond the limits of true Canadianism, or of a wise and broad imperialism. At the same time, Mr. Bourassa is quite justified in urging his views; though he ought to urge them in different language. In his desire for the preservation of Canadian autonomy he is only in touch with the views of loyal Canadians. And it does no harm to have these views clearly announced. It is not necessary, however, that he should get the idea that he is the sole Canadian defender; or that any Canadian government will be derelict in the maintenance of its trust if he fails to speak. We are not afraid that Canada will neglect its duty to the empire, nor are we afraid that Canada will lose its rights and privileges. Both desirable ends will be attained, even though Mr. Bourassa should adopt a less truculent tone than the one which he usually seems to think necessary.

Civic Improvement.

Despite the unpleasant weather, a large number of citizens of all classes and professions met last night in the city hall and formed a society for the purpose of civic improvement. The idea is one that should commend itself to everybody, and that should secure the active support of all men, women and children in London who desire to see the city look better and be better. Were it nothing more than to cultivate a love for the beautiful, the object would be a worthy one. But there is much more involved. There is an intensely practical side to the question. Cultivating a love for the beautiful develops a higher standard of ethics as well as esthetics. It does more. It involves of necessity the cultivation of cleanliness. And the cleaner a city becomes the more healthy it becomes. And the prettier, the cleaner, and the healthier a city becomes the better it is for those who live in it, the more desirable it becomes as a place of residence.

The work that will be undertaken by this society is in harmony with that of the Canadian Civic Improvement League—of which it will practically be a branch. It will look after the waste places, ad the dirty places and the ugly places, and so far as it has the means and the power, it will make them what they ought to be. It will assist in the enforcement of city laws that are often neglected because no one cares to take upon himself duties which he thinks should be performed by civic officers, but which these officers are sometimes unable and occasionally unwilling to perform. It will endeavor to encourage a spirit of emulation among citizens in all matters that pertain to the beautifying of their homes. It will give the city the advice and assistance of the best men in horticulture and arboriculture. It will educate the people, and especially the younger generation, in departments whose cultivation renders life more pleasant and more worth living. The possibilities of such a society are great. Whether these possibilities will be realized or not, depends in the first place upon the class of men who may be chosen to guide and direct it, and in the second place upon the extent to which the citizens may lend it their moral and material support. What the results may be time alone will show. Meanwhile it has our best wishes. May it prosper and do much good.

The proceedings of the Congress of Commerce at Montreal have received considerable attention from our neighbors, if we are to judge from the comments in many of their journals. We regret to notice, however, that the trend of discussions, and the conclusions reached, do not meet with unqualified approval. Especially are they dissatisfied with all this talk about an imperial tariff. Some of them have an idea that it is a deep laid scheme to shut their food products out of England, and their manufactures out of Canada. Now, our neighbors usually settle their tariff questions without the assistance of other people. But they seem to think they will have to settle ours as well. Of course, while Canada is part of the empire they feel that they cannot do it. The Boston Record, however, has a remedy. It says: "The thing to do is to annex Canada. It may have to come as the result of a tariff war and a quarrel with Great Britain. It ought to come peacefully, as the true solution to the Monroe doctrine. But come it must and will." Now, we don't like that. We don't want to be annexed without having a word to say on the question. If they would try to make us feel that it would be a good thing for us, we would be willing to listen. But to go and settle it off hand that way is really too bad. It is not neighborly. We hope the Record will kindly reconsider the matter.

Where Muldoon Is!

[Baltimore American.]

O'Toole—Muldoon shtruck his woife yisthidy

McKick—Is he in jail?

O'Toole—Now, he's in th' harsepittle.

Early Rising.

[John G. Saxe.]

"God bless the man who first invented sleep"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I,
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it, as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right!

Yes, bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration),
But blast the man who curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented and went around advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising.

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said,
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any bed at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning, if I reason right,
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon the pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks.

Thomson, who sang about the "Seasons," said,
It was a glorious thing to rise in season,
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
At 10 o'clock a.m.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night,
And free at last from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so easily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only dream of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise,
I like the lad, who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

Guessing His Vocation.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"John Jones, the patient who came in a little while ago," said the attendant in the out-patient department, "didn't give his occupation."

"What was the nature of his trouble?" asked the resident physician.

"Injury at the base of the spine."

"Put him down as a book agent."

Really It Is—

[Chicago Journal.]

Folish to fret.
Silly to cry over spilled milk.
Wrong not to take some sort of a rest in the summer.
Unwise to ask people to lend their books. Wait till they offer and then think twice.
Desirable to do one's marketing and shopping early in the day.
Exceedingly disconcerting to find everybody yawning.
Quicker to do most things yourself, than to tell other people how.
Seldom the person who has the most trouble who talks most about his woes.
Extremely annoying to be compelled to change one's plans at the last moment.
Not wise to be too sensitive. A person may be disagreeable and still bear us no ill-will.
Not advisable to spend so much on a vacation trip that one must be a shut-in the rest or the year.
Better to go slow than to become a victim of heat prostration.

The Chorus.

[Washington Star.]

De wind is low an' de colors glow
Whah de twilight shadows creep;
De breeze come hummin' soft an' low,
Singin' de world to sleep.
De cricket warble his tune agin,
An' de bull frog's voice soun' deep,
Dey does deir duty de bes' dey kin,
Singin' de world to sleep.

De earth is busy an' needs a rest;
Of troubles it sees a heap,
An' de woods an' de ocean does deir best
Singin de world to sleep.
An' while my music is slo'ly drowned
Like dem crickets dat faintly peep,
I'll do my bes', when de time comes roun'
Singin' de world to sleep.

Wonderful Vocalist.

[New Yorker.]

Diggs—My wife is a wonderful vocalist. Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours——

Biggs—Get out!

Diggs—After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep.

HAMID'S TERROR IS EXPENSIVE

The Sultan's Bedchamber Is Guarded by Two Generals,

WHO RECEIVE $750 PER NIGHT

For the Services Rendered—The Porte's Weekly Budget Amounts to $80,000.

Moscow, Aug. 29. — An apparently well authenticated communication from Constantinople states that after the Sultan had recovered from the first frenzied panic into which he was thrown by the regicidal tragedy at Belgrade, new disposition were made in his majesty's bodyguard at Yildiz Kiosk, more particularly with regard to the nightwatch, and the new regulation has remained in force since that event.

The chief command of the guard which protects the sleeping apartment of the Sultan was intrusted to eight generals, specially chosen for their unquestionable loyalty. But this loyalty, such as it is, Abdul Hamid wisely insures by the payment of handsome money rewards.

Two of the eight generals take the chief watch every night in turn, and they are held responsible for the fidelity of the officers and men under their command, although the latter are proportionately well rewarded for their fidelity.

The rates of remuneration are as follows: Each general receives for a night's watch £150 (Turkish), the colonel £140, the major £35, the captain £30, and each soldier £1. These fees are promptly and punctually paid every morning when the night guard gives place to the ordinary palace day watch. Thus every night's guard over the nervous slumbers of the Sultan costs £200 (Turkish), or £180 sterling. And yet one sometimes wonders where the money goes in Turkey!

By people intimately acquainted with the internal economy of Yildiz Kiosk it is estimated that the weekly budget amounts to about £16,000.

Loyalty is nowhere better rewarded than within the precincts of the Sultan's Palace, which is governed by an astute and flourishing camarilla.

ROYAL RESIDENCE FOR CONNEMARA

Some Talk of His Majesty Purchasing a Castle in Ireland.

London, Aug. 29.—Although little has been said on the subject, it is understood that the King's intention is at an early date to consider the question of a royal residence in Ireland. When in Ireland last month he was greatly struck with the beautiful surroundings of the estate of Kylemore Castle, in Galway, which has been suggested as a royal residence.

This is the biggest of all the great Irish homes, and is quite a modern house, having been built about twenty years ago by Mr. Mitchell Henry, a wealthy Yorkshire manufacturer, who sat for an Irish constituency as a Liberal.

A vast fortune was sunk in the building of Kylemore, and some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that there are 200 bedrooms in the house.

The grounds cover thousands of acres, and, although not in view of the sea, it is within a mile or two of the coast.

The castle has remained untenanted and neglected for many years, and the man who built it hardly enjoyed it. He had made in the grounds two large lakes, in which tall fountains play, and in one of these the only daughter of the house was accidentally drowned while gathering water lilies.

From that day Mr. Mitchell Henry lived in London at Stratheden House, near Knightsbridge.

No suitable tenant was found for the property, although it has been "to let" for the last decade. The house is too big for an ordinary person—few Irishmen had the money and no Englishman or American came along as a tenant. About six months ago the trustees, grown tired of the responsibility, put the estate up for sale, but the property was withdrawn, as the highest bid was only £30,000.

The King drove through a portion of the grounds while in Galway, and expressed admiration for the beauty of the spot and the wild splendor of the situation.

He considered it too expensive, as quite £40,000 a year would be required for the upkeep of such an establishment. Irish people are hopeful that his majesty may, however, see his way to occupy the castle, as nothing would more surely mitigate the distress in the West of Ireland than a royal palace right in the midst of Connemara.

A RENOVATED HUSBAND

A Thankful Letter from a Wife Who Reformed a Dissipated Husband With Tasteless Samaria Prescription.

She Says: "To-day He is a Perfect Man."

"I do not know how to express my gratitude to the Samaria prescription which you sent me some weeks ago. It has produced astonishing effects on my husband. My pen cannot express the feeling of gratitude I have. We owe to you my husband's life, who was a wreck in health and in business. To-day he is a perfect man, which he had not been for the last three years on account of the drink habit. Enclosed find money order for another treatment for a friend's husband, whose case is quite similar to my own husband's case."—Madame A. Villeneauve.

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials, and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply. Address **The Samaria Remedy Co.**, 23 Jordan street, Toronto, Canada.

Also for sale at Strong's Drug Store, 184 Dundas street.

INDIAN BUCKS ON THE WARPATH

Kootenays and the Stoneys May Clash.

MOUNTED POLICE ON THE SCENE

A Stoney Drank Poison in Kootenay Country and His Friends Want Revenge.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 21. — Uneasiness for which there is no apparent cause appears to be epidemic just at present among the Indians of the plains, the foothills and the coast. There has been as yet no serious tribal clash, and yet the evidences of trouble brewing are so numerous and so significant that the provincial police of British Columbia, as well as the officers of the Northwest Mounted Police, are taking comprehensive precautionary measures to check the first appearance of actual hostilities. That these may eventuate at almost any moment is the opinion of old settlers, as well as agents of the Indian department.

Gravest apprehension is felt by those on or near the border line between the Kootenay district of British Columbia and the adjacent territory of Alberta, friction between the tribes of these two districts having been evident for some time past, arising over the exclusion of the territorial Indians from the hunting privileges in the country across the mountains towards the coast. Not unnaturally, the red men of the plains cannot comprehend the machinery of white men's laws that shuts them out of a field they have enjoyed from the days of their forefathers, simply because it is called British Columbia, while their home is styled Alberta.

Seeking a more satisfying reason for the exclusion, they have come to the conclusion that their ancient foemen, the Kootenay Indians, have been guilty of what white men would classify as wire-pulling, and, not understanding this new mode of warfare, the plainsmen are preparing to retaliate in the ancient fashion, with which they have more intimate acquaintance. The result is that word has just been received by the provincial police, through Indian agents in the territory, that the Stoney Indians are making extensive and systematic preparations for a raid upon the Kootenay Indians of the Flathead country.

The report states that they have left their women and children behind, and are already moving westward to make a silent attack. Two parties of the invading redskins are stated to be in force on the Big Timothy meadow, near the head of the Flathead, North Kootenay Pass. They must, it is said, have come into British Columbia by the Windy Gap, an old and little used passage in the hills.

As another explanation of the bad feeling shown by the Stoney Indians toward the Kootenay tribes, it is said that a short time ago one of the Stoney tribe was poisoned while visiting the Kootenays at Tobacco Plains by drinking some "trail scent." The Kootenays claim that one of their tribe warned the visitor of the poisonous nature of the drink, and that the Stoneys, when leaving for their homes, parted with them in the most friendly manner. The hostile movement is nevertheless a certainty. The police at Tobacco Plains have been omcially advised of it by Inspector Davidson, of the Northwest Mounted Police, now stationed at Pincher Creek.

As to the Indians in the north, a report just to hand says: "A general row occurred on Saturday last among the Chilkat Indians of the Klukwan tribe, and for several days a reign of terror prevailed in the valley of the Klukwan. Witchcraft, which generally prevails among the Chilkat Indians, is said to be at the bottom of all the trouble. Disputes arose among members of the tribe over certain favorite lands, and witchcraft, although resorted to at once, failed to provide a satisfactory settlement. As a consequence one Indian started out on a gunning expedition, others joined in, and soon the entire tribe was embroiled. One death is reported to have occurred, and there are a considerable number of wounded. Deputy U. S. Marshal Tompkins, in whose district the trouble arises, has left for the scene of the disturbance.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought

KINGSMILL'S

New Fall Dress Goods

HOT from the centre of fashion are the various Fabrics shown today in Our Dress Goods Department. Exquisite in design, perfect in combination of color. The production of a Master Artist. Coupled with a durability of texture that cannot fail to give satisfaction. No taste that cannot be suited and at prices within the reach of all. Foremost among them we would mention:

QUEEN'S CORD--Entirely new in weave and colorings, 46 inch wide, all Saxony Wool. A charming effect. Can only be had at KINGSMILL'S.

N. B.—All Manufacturing Departments in Full Operation 1st September, at

Kingsmill's

BARRACKS BLOWN UP

Report Says Buildings at Adrianople Were Destroyed.

Sofia, Aug. 29.—An unconfirmed report is in circulation here that the insurgents have blown up the barracks of the Turkish troops at Adrianople.

Genoa, Italy, Aug. 29.—The U. S. gunboat Machias left here today, bound for Beirut. She was saluted by the Italian warships, whose crews wished her good luck.

SALVATIONISTS FINED

At Galt for Obstructing the Public Streets.

Galt, Aug. 29. — The laying of the corner stone of the Carnegie Library here yesterday morning was witnessed by about 20 people. R. Alexander, the chairman of the library board, did the work with the trowel, and Mayor Gaut delivered an address, referring to the munificence of Mr. Carnegie in donating $17,500 for the construction of the library. This generosity, he said, posterity would ever appreciate. In a tin box under the stone was deposited coins of the realm and copies of the Globe, Mail and Galt papers.

The fining of five members of the Salvation Army in the police court a few days ago has raised a regular storm of protest among the citizens here. The charge on which the Salvation people were convicted was causing an obstruction on the streets by holding a meeting at one of the principal corners. The army people are very indignant, and the five who were fined, two of whom are women, say they will not pay the fines nor appeal in the week they were given by the magistrate to settle the matter.

Powers Gets Life Sentence.

Georgetown, Ky., Aug. 29. — Caleb Powers has been found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment for complicity in the murder of Governor Goebel.

A GALLANT DEED

How a British Tar Saved His Comrades' Lives.

Montreal, Aug. 23.—English papers of recent date say that the cruiser Blake, which arrived at Plymouth on Saturday evening, the 15th inst., reported that a third death—that of Stoker Ball—had resulted from the boiler explosion which took place off Funchal, Madeira. Further inquiries regarding the disaster reveal two deeds of great gallantry. The engineer sub-lieutenant, immediately the explosion occurred, endeavored to close the stop-valve, but the deadly rush of steam and boiling water drove him back. Nothing daunted, he crawled up a ladder and set in motion the steam fan, which for a moment sent the steam and smoke back into the boiler. He then made another effort and succeeded in closing the valve, thereby saving many lives. At the risk of his life, too, Stoker Gee thrice dashed into the stokehold, and brought out three comrades, one of whom, however, was dead.

A hen's teeth are almost as scarce as are the people who worry themselves to death because they are shy of wisdom.

Western Fair

London, Sept. 11 to 19, 1903.

Entries Close in Less Than Two Weeks, Sept. 10th.

Every indication of big showing in all departments.

Big attraction list about complete; a splendid bill of amusements.

Five Evenings of Sensational Fireworks Displays,

including each evening the magnificent representation of the "BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA."

All roads give low rates and special trains. Programmes now ready, send for one.

LT.-COL. W. M. GARTSHORE, President. J. A. NELLES, Secretary.

MOTORS IN WAR GAME

Germany Will Carry Out Extensive Experiments.

Berlin, Aug. 29.—Coming upon the heels of their recent proud victory in the realm of racing, German motor car manufacturers now learn with gratification that automobiles for war purposes will be employed on an unprecedented scale during next month's annual maneuvers of the German army in Saxony. Twelve in all will be used, four each by the headquarters officers of the four participating army corps.

Six of these cars are the permanent property of the war department. They include four and six seated Mercedes, Daimler, Benz and Duerrkopp wagons of ten, twelve, and sixteen horse-power. The other six vehicles will be lent by various German makers. Four of the wagons will be operated by civilian chauffeurs and eight by soldiers. The Emperor William will use one of the four-seated 16 h. p. Mercedes cars belonging to the war department.

Another addition to the automobile section will be supplied by Herr Willy Poege, of Chemnitz, who will put at the disposal of the Crown Prince of Saxony, commanding the Twelfth Army Corps the powerful 60 h. p. Mercedes car, which recently won a handsome trophy at the Ostend international competition.

Motor luggage vans will not be used during this year's maneuvers, experiments with them having been abandoned.

Looking for Mischief.

It is safe to say that some of the young natives of China who recently came to Washington as students to obtain an English education, are not thoroughly in accord with some of the actions of fresh young American girls.

The other day a youthful and unsuspecting Oriental boarded a south-bound Fourteenth street car, taking a seat directly in front of two Washington girls, who were keeping both eyes open looking for mischief. It is an old adage that people usually find what they are looking for, and in the case in point the truth of the adage was proved.

The young Chinese seated himself carefully threw his elaborately-dressed queue over the back of the seat. The end of this hirsute appendage was tied with a stout silk cord. The girls were unable to resist the temptation. Deftly they picked up the end of the queue and tied the cord tightly to a rung in the car seat.

The student from the far east rang the bell for New York avenue, and when the car stopped he arose and attempted to alight. Something seemed to hold him, and further efforts to get off the car caused the young man to jerk his head in a violent manner and then turn all sorts of red. The conductor was unacquainted with the cause of the young man's delay in getting off the car, and gave the "hurry up" call with a show of impatience, but the youth could not budge. Blushing below the collar-bone, the student turned and attempted to undo the silk cord, but he was finally obliged to accept the assistance of the conductor, who came to his rescue.

During the youth's strenuous efforts to release himself, the young girls made merry with numerous facetious gurgles and giggles, with which they seemed to be over-stocked, all of which added to the Celestial's embarrassment.

The other evening five Chinese students were noticed waiting at the corner of Fourteenth and R streets. They let several heavily loaded cars pass, but finally when an almost empty car came along they made a wild rush for the back seat of the trailer. The five students seated themselves in the rear seat, and each one carefully tucked his queue under his arm and assured himself that no giddy young ladies were standing on the rear platform.—Washington Star

WEAK AND EXHAUSTED.

"Though weak and exhausted I was often unable to eat. After taking Angier's Petroleum Emulsion for two weeks I was able to eat and enjoy three hearty meals a day, and the nervousness left me entirely."—M. E. Nesbitt, Toronto, Canada.

Isaac Webb, of Russiaville, Ind., boasts that for 73 consecutive years he has voted the straight Republican ticket. The fact that the Republican party has been in existence less than 50 years does not feaze him when he makes the statement.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

The average annual wage of adult miners in Silesia, Germany, is $245.